

## The Evening World.

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## MORE KNOTS.

**D**IPLOMATIC ties between this nation and the Austro-German alliance sag under fresh strain.

The Austrian Ambassador admits that he meant to disorganize American industries by coercing employees working under American laws. Neither his estimate of our national character nor his respect for our statutes counted a featherweight against his plans. The German military attaché was an active agent in the plot. Only greater caution appears to have kept the German Embassy clear of the damning evidence.

Meanwhile the intelligence and good faith of the German Ambassador is brought into question, not alone by the sinking of the Hesperian after his assurance in the name of his Government that "no more liners would be sunk without warning," but still more by the strange fact that the German Foreign Office has made no move to give its promise a solid basis of formal and exact definition.

Why so many ominous knots in our diplomatic relations with Germany and Austria?

We see no reason to indict diplomacy. The trouble is with the diplomats.

Ambassadors who smile at our laws and deliberately play upon our confidence do their Governments more harm than good. Both Berlin and Vienna should be so informed. We cannot treat where we cannot trust.

The rookies are back at their desks. All declare: "We benefited greatly." The nation returns the compliment.

## LABOR'S PROTEST.

**L**ABOR appears to have invented a new way of registering a protest. Organized disapproval usually finds outlet in a parade. Labor, on the other hand, chose to rebuke militarism by omitting its customary Labor Day parades.

It may be doubted whether New York's generally, outside the labor unions themselves, realized yesterday that these bodies were picketing for peace. But the holiday was enjoyed to an unusual degree throughout the city despite the absence of parading workers. The thousands of children who furnished tableaux, playlets and dancing at various playgrounds and recreation centres contributed greatly to a successful day.

After all in the present state of the world the blessings of peace need no demonstrating. In this country particularly wherever people gather together to enjoy a holiday hearts fill with instinctive if unvoiced gratitude that Uncle Sam's soldiering is and ever shall be all on the side of peace.

It was a good idea this year for labor to lay aside its militancy. Even those who did not understand its purpose shared in the results.

Pianist Godowsky appears to have vanished into publicity.

## SAFETY AND SANITY GAIN.

**T**HE final report on Fourth of July casualties compiled by the American Medical Association shows that thirty lives were lost this year as a result of wounds inflicted on the holiday. The fatality figure for 1914 was forty. Thirteen years ago it was over five hundred.

The improved treatment for lockjaw goes far to account for the decrease of deaths. The number of accidents has not fallen in anything like the same ratio. Almost as many were hurt this year as in 1913.

Nevertheless the Safe and Sane Fourth movement can congratulate itself upon steady progress. Science and common sense together are scaling down the Fourth of July slaughter at a rate that will soon leave it only a horrible memory.

Producers of peaches declare the big crop is rotting on their hands. Consumers protest that their appetite for the nectarous fruit is as keen as ever. Why can't they make connections?

## Hits From Sharp Wits.

Follow who dashes for compliments doesn't escape the game laws.  
Some of us die and some are prominent enough to answer death's summons.—*Chicago Blade.*

World is full of people who think it is going to rain every time they see a cloud.

It is easy to look on the bright side just as long as you are on the inside.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

One of the greatest advantages in being poor is that you can eat your

meals in comfort without a stiff, portly, dignified butler standing behind you counting your mouthfuls.—*Macon News.*

The individual you can spare the easiest is generally the one around the most.—*Macon News.*

When some men boast that their conscience is clear they make known that it is blank.

It is always easy to guess, when a man says that he can "take a drink or leave it alone," which he does.—*Albany Journal.*

## Letters From the People

No. 1.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
At the time Germany declared war on Russia and France was the Kaiser of Germany in England? J. J.

Sardonyx and Peridot.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What are the birthstones for the month of August? NEMO.

Supernatural Postmen.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I was very pleased to read the letter on "Jobs for the Pensioned." But I would like to suggest that more attention be given to the fact that the letter carriers get no pension at all. I recently read that a letter carrier who had been in the service for thirty-six years got an honorable discharge because he was too old to work any longer. What is left for such a man to do if he doesn't want to become a public charge, and if he hasn't been

able to support a family and save money on \$25 per week? I believe letter carriers should be pensioned.

Every Day in the Year.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What are the free admittance days at the Museum of Natural History? M. W. Hackensack, N. J.

Algebraic Problems.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Who can solve the following algebraic problems, clearly indicating the steps he takes? (1) A piece of work can be done by A and B working together in ten days. After working together seven days A leaves and B finishes the work in nine days. How long would A alone have taken to do the work? (2) A garrison of 700 men has provisions for eleven days. After three days a certain number of men leave and the provisions last ten days after this time. How many men

leave?

## "Perfectly Proper"

By J. H. Cassel



## The Jarrs' Coney Island Outing

Ends by Request of the Police

By Roy L. McCardell

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**T**HIS thrilling serial of real life, "The Horrible Happenings to a Harlem Husband," should be preceded at this point with a synopsis. Very well, let's have it:

Mr. Jarr, at Coney Island with his family and in charge of some of the neighbors' children, loses the latter, in searching for the strays he falls into a pile of coal and blackens his face. He peeks through a hole in a canvas banner only to find he has unwittingly substituted for the living negro target in a "Kill the Koon" concession. Mr. Lefty Magee, a league baseball pitcher, swats him with three of his famous "speed merchant straighties."

Now go on with the picture: Mr. Jarr picked himself up, and black in the face with rage and coal dust, rushed around from behind the banner-greeted with the merriment of the onlookers at this added free feature, as unexpected as it was satisfactory.

"Pipe the nut!" exclaimed Mr. Lefty Magee.

Mr. Jarr charged straight at the released baseball player and fallen star. But half a dozen admirers of the skill of Mr. Magee interposed. It had been a bad season at Coney Island, the game having been called constantly on account of rain. So when the police saw a crowd anywhere they knew it must mean a free fight.

Mrs. Jarr, waiting patiently with Master Jarr and little Emma for the return of Mr. Jarr with the straying Rangle children and Master Slavinsky, had her cup of agitation filled to overflowing by beholding Mr. Jarr the center of a dense throng of joyous merry-makers, being led to the police station. His blackened face alarmed her, but reassured by seeing him remove a portion of this impromptu minstrel makeup with his handkerchief. Mr. Jarr followed moaning, while the little Jarrs screamed and shrieked—being under the impression that father would be sent to Sing Sing, where he would have such a pleasant time under the fostering care of Warden Osborne that he would never wish to return to home and family.

Only one thought comforted Mrs. Jarr. This thought was that none in her social set beheld the humiliating spectacle of Mr. Jarr being made the occasion for a seaside holiday and being led away to captivity with a blackened face.

At the police station the presence of Gertrude, the Jarrs' light running domestic—who, it will be remembered, had arrived disheveled at the seaside resort and had her own troubles in

consequence—did not surprise Mrs. Jarr. Nor did the fact that little Johnnie and Mary Rangle and Master Slavinsky had also been gathered in and were among those present.

While yet charge and counter charge were being made by Mr. Jarr and Lefty Magee before the desk sergeant Mrs. Jarr had dully but firmly resolved in her mental consciousness:

First, she would never do a favor for a living soul again. Had she not done a neighborly favor in bringing the Rangle children and Master Slavinsky no contraptions would have marred the day.

Second, Mrs. Jarr resolved that she would never again go holidaying under like circumstances. After this she would go by special train in a private car, or in an eight cylinder—preferably a twelve cylinder—limousine automobile, accompanied by a trained nurse and a chauffeur and footman in livery. She did not know how this glittered manner of holidaying could

come about while Mr. Jarr's salary was what it was—but she was resolved that never again would she or hers participate in a "sanitary, anti-sunburn, pure food" (carried in a basket) excursion by trolley to a seaside resort.

Then she wondered how heavily Mr. Jarr would be fined and if there was privacy at a police station where a wife could fish out the wily bankroll to pay the fine.

But these latter forebodings were groundless. Mr. Lefty Magee was so elated to find he had regained his lost speed and control that he was disposed to be magnanimous.

"Let the poor gink go!" said Mr. Lefty Magee. "It was an accident!"

On this basis everything was settled, and Gertrude, being also included in the general amnesty, all was happy sobbing and a general pleasurable reunion. And the Jarrs started homeward. Mr. Jarr keeping a swollen eye on Johnnie and Mary Rangle and Master Slavinsky, and Mrs. Jarr watching her own little ones.

As for Mr. Lefty Magee, he gallantly accompanied them, sitting beside Gertrude with his arm, his good left arm

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## So Wags the World

By Clarence L. Cullen

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**E**NTIGMAS of Existence: The dentist's "Does it hurt?" Fried parsnips. Movie plane players.

Every time we begin to think we're against capital punishment, we suddenly remember the fellow who carries a moistly-gnawed and gone-to cigar into a street car.

Feminine Futilities: "I'm beginning to have my doubts about those lodge meetings of his!"

The Domestic Amanties: She: "Oh, don't you think I didn't have plenty of splendid chances before I was fool enough to marry you?" He: "Any light-weight can play a long land one."

Every time we make up our minds that nobody ought to be put into a damp, rat-infested dungeon we recall the fellow who walks up the subway or elevated stairs with a cane or umbrella under his arm.

"Women's mystery" would get an awful lot if the woman and the makers of sachets and perfumes suddenly went out of business.

Echoes of the Eons: "Oh, yes, I used to think she was nice, but after I was fool enough to tell her everything I knew I found out she was a perfect cat!"

Of the 1,987,653 girls we've seen this summer with middie blouses and salmons' kerchiefs not one of 'em knew how to tie the kerchief the way men-o-war's men tie it.

Our idea of the Apex of Attitudinuity is the topofical expression on the face of a girl who, riding in an expensive motor car, comes upon a cherished girl friend who's riding in an inexpensive one.

Recently, at a summer resort, we met a beautiful, breezy and brilliant woman of thirty-five with a remarkably homely daughter of eighteen. In private the daughter volunteered to us the opinion that her mother was "crazy over herself."

Evidence that we never were meant to be tipsters: Thrice this week we've drawn chairs in Pullmans right next to howling babies.

Matronly Myths: "My husband hates to have me call him up at his office on the telephone, because it makes him lose his trend of thought; but, dear me! he's at his old office every minute of the day!"

THE FROSTY FROWN ALWAYS SMILES OUT TO THE SWEET LOVER.

## Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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**E**VERYTHING under the sun can be explained—except a bachelor.

Cynicism and misogyny, like the whooping cough, are infantile diseases. A mature bachelor is too indifferent to the whole feminine sex to be a bitter woman-hater.

Alas! It is hard to decide whether to keep a pretty maid and never be sure that your husband isn't flirting with her, or to keep a homely one and never be sure that he is coming home to dinner.

While a woman is waiting her time trying to rekindle an old flame the man is usually busy starting half a dozen new ones.

A man's second love affair is usually of the burnt-orange variety. Every man loves the wrong woman at least once in a life-time; and, like the scarlet fever, it is safer for him to have the attack while he is young and has the resiliency to recover from it.

Every widow considers it her duty to guide the erring feet of youth along the paths of sentimental experience—especially if the youth be good looking.

A woman may worry a lot over her clothes; but in a whole lifetime she never experiences the acute agony that a man suffers in the half hour when he is trying to decide whether to run the risk of being the only one in full dress at a little party or of going as he is and being the only one in a street suit.

Alas! why is it that when a king of hearts marries a queen of diamonds he always proceeds to tempt the gods by getting into a foolish flirtation with some fluffly little two-spot?

## Things You Should Know

Facts About Flies and Dirt.

**I**T is only within the last few years that the eyes of the world have been opened to the dangers from flies and dirt. Strange as it now seems, the fly was not regarded as a deadly danger until the time of the Spanish-American war. It was the experience of the United States volunteer soldiers in that war which first called attention to this country to the fact that disease was carried by flies.

About one out of every five of our soldiers had typhoid fever during that war, and the doctors who were studying its cause came to the conclusion that the number of cases of typhoid varied with the methods of disposing of the excretions. While they knew that the fever germs were spread from person to person by more or less direct contact, they were positive that some other agent was at work.

It was noticed that great numbers of flies swarmed continually over piles of offal and of refuse. The flies came directly from the pits and settled upon the soldiers' food. The reports of these facts started people thinking, with the result that the crusade against the fly began then and there.

Now it is an established and unquestioned fact that more children under two years of age die of summer complaints than from any other cause. For the last two summers the Board of Public Health of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor have been trying experiments to make sure that the flies do not make certain facts. The first summer's work was carried on in the Bronx in an Italian quarter, where 400 babies were under close observation, divided into two groups, one protected and the other not. This protection began by the health officers cleaning up the streets, yards and houses where the

protected half lived. Houses were screened and fly paper was distributed weekly by district nurses, together with anti-fly literature and much verbal instruction to parents.

As a result of the first summer's work it was found that there were sixty cases of summer complaint among the babies who were unprotected and only twenty cases among those protected—a ratio of three to one in favor of absence of flies and general dirt.

Because this interesting experiment had not been started at the very beginning of the fly season, it was repeated the following year.

In the second experiment three sections were placed under observation, and nearly 1,000 babies were under study. Nurses were hired for the work by the Health Department, homes were visited every few days, and over 10,000 visits were paid during the investigation.

The work was centered upon the fly in the home; the baby was screened from attacks of flies, and its food was also protected, besides all previous precautions being used. The conclusions were based upon the reports of observation of these visiting nurses, who went from house to house throughout the campaign.

The result recorded was that, first, nearly twice as many babies had summer complaint where flies abounded as where they were absent. So much for flies!

Second, that nearly twice as many babies were sick where the homes and surroundings were dirty, &c.; third, that the combined fly and dirt factors meant that the early fall one-half times as many babies were sick in dirty, fly-infested homes than in those which were clean and fly-free.

Even if you have all the early fall one-half times as many babies were sick in dirty, fly-infested homes than in those which were clean and fly-free.

And the bargains in houses, which in unregenerate days we used to call shirt waists, are simply legion. Really beautiful blouses of very good quality and made of fine materials are being sold for 15 cents a yard summer dresses for 15 cents a yard.

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